

The lake is quiet, except when birds grab up a fish.
The winds call through the trees, 'Dwarves where are you ?',
but there is no answer.

No dwarf drums of war, nor of dance, echo in these halls,
all is quiet, except the stir of dead leaves,
in the lookout and entrance halls.

No more stately Official marches,
Feasts of wild boar are no more.

Small and large critters,
wander the halls once lit by lanterns of gold.

The lights of happiness and warriors,
are gone from these Halls of Rorial,
the kites and buzzards are gone,
no more pickings left for them to eat.

Silence reigns here,
all is lost.

The waterfall and the Two Trees,
listen from time to time,
for the hunting horns of the Dwarves,
but those are silent,
broken during the attacks.

A small group of elves came by,
years later,
to see why trade had stopped,
all they found was broken shields,
broken weapons,
and skeletons of the defenders,
they placed a monument to the fallen,
but something evil tore it down.

The elves have not returned in this direction,
for several years,
songs were sung in remembrance,
but the Dwarves are gone,
from the Rorial Halls.